A

TALE

OF THE

Mag-Pies *and* Jack-Daws.

Sed tacitus pasci si posset Corvus, haberet
Plus Dapis, & rixæ multo minus Invidiæq;

Hor.

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On Monday *will be Publiſh'd,*

INſtructions to *Freeholders:* Drawn from Her Majeſty's moſt Gracious Speech from the Throne, on *Thurſday* the 16th of *July*, 1713, to Both Houſes of Parliament.

Juſt Publiſh'd,

THE Caſe of the *Pretender:* Occaſion'd by the laſt Addreſſes in Parliament for his Removal from the Territories of the Duke of *Lorrain*, and other Princes in Amity with Her Majeſty.

A TALE OF THE *Mag-Pies* and *Jack-Daws.*

LONG had the *Mag-pies* and the *Daws*
By mutual Truſt maintain'd their Cauſe,
Still pliant to the *Eagle's* Laws,
'Till Thirſt of Pow'r the one beguil'd,
And Foreign Notes had made them Wild.
The *Pies* and *Daws* were near Ally'd,
The *Daws* cry'd up the *Mother's* Side;
The *Pies* were of the Elder Race,
And in that Right commanded Place,
Yet never Challeng'd diſtant State,
Flutter'd their Feathers, or look'd Great;
So tender of the Younger Houſe,
They'd many Random Flights excuſe.
The *Daws* a Clam'rous Hungry Breed,
Always with Noiſe went out to feed,
Obſerv'd no Order in their Flight,
Some the Left-Wing ſcarce knew from Right:

They

They ſtill affected to ſoar High,
With Numbers dark'ning all the Sky:
Their Feathers were ſo ſleek and fine,
No Satin could their Gloſs out-ſhine;
They ſcorn'd all plain and ſimple Food,
And the pure Chryſtal of the Flood:
Hard *Curd* and *Worms* they could not eat,
(To pamper'd *Daws* inſipid Meat;)
But with *Ragouſt* they pleas'd their Taſte,
And glutted with a Daily Feaſt:
Hence 'tis the *Bills* of *Modern Daws*
Look red; Hence come their ſwelling *Craws*.
Whene'er they met an *Aged Pie*,
With *open Beak* they flutter'd by,
Ne'er ſtoop'd their Wing, or Homage paid,
But *Caw'd* as if they had been Mad,
Unleſs he had a lofty Creſt,
Or wore a *Croſlet* on his Breaſt.
Now Muſe, theſe dire *Revenges* ſing,
Of all this *Diſcord* tell the Spring.
The firſt *Contention* that aroſe,
And made theſe Birds ſuch Mortal Foes,
Was only, *Whether* Daw *or* Pie
Flew much too Low, *or much too* High?
The *Pies*, by long Experience wiſe,
Would not above the Mid-Air riſe.

The

The *Daws*, by Courting too much Light,
Grew giddy with the daring Height,
And once almoſt had loſt their Sight.
A *Roman* Vulture had well nigh
Made them pay dear for ſoaring High:
The *Pies*, who well the Danger knew,
Begg'd them to hover more in View;
Jack rudely *Caw'd*, and higher flew.
But what enflam'd the *Jack-Daws* Spite,
The *Mag-pies* would not Claw and Bite
Their Fellow Birds by Divine Right.
The *Daws* a ſtubborn Race were grown,
And to *Undo*, would be *Undone:*
They thought the Sky and Trees were made
For them alone to *Sun* and *Shade*;
And if a Motley Bird drew near,
Stretch'd Claw and Bill to Bite and Tear,
Forgetting when in mortal Fright
They Courted all the Birds t' unite
With them, from *Buſtard* to *Tom-Tit.*
The *Pies* ſo good and gentle were
To all the Tenants of the Air,
That any Bird might *Perch* and *Sing*
On the next Tree, and ſtretch his Wing,
Since Nature planted many Trees
For other Birds Delight and Eaſe;

And they well knew the *Thruſh* and *Jay*
Were Birds of *Jove* as well as they.
A gentle Eagle oft did try
To bring theſe Birds to Unity;
No ſooner could he mention *Peace*,
But a pert *Daw* flew in his Face,
Of Clam'rous Note, and Flippant Tongue,
(His Pride was to be in the Wrong.)
Another *Eagle* did ſucceed,
Of the *Daws* Colour, and their Breed,
Who gave them large Immunities,
And begg'd them to reſpect the *Pies*;
But they, Forſooth, would be
An *Independent Family*,
Since they diſlik'd the Leading *Pie*.
The *Eagle* fell in their Eſteem,
They would not own him as Supreme:
Yet by a ſtrange Indulgence they
Caw'd loud at Court, and came in Play.
The *Pies* diſcourag'd, the rude *Daws*
Whetted their Beaks, and prim'd their Claws;
And having by their Numbers gain'd the Cry,
Banter'd the *Eagles* and the *Pies* Supremacy.

F I N I S.